**Greta, Saga, and a Cheek Kiss Which Changed Everything**

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at https://archiveofourown.org/works/56442073.

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|---|---|
| Rating: | General Audiences |
| Archive Warning: | No Archive Warnings Apply |
| Category: | F/F |
| Fandom: | ちっちゃな雪使いシュガー \| A Little Snow Fairy Sugar |
| Relationships: | Greta / Saga Bergman (A Little Snow Fairy Sugar), Norma & Saga Bergman (A Little Snow Fairy Sugar), Anne & Saga Bergman (A Little Snow Fairy Sugar) |
| Characters: | Saga Bergman, Greta (A Little Snow Fairy Sugar), Anne (A Little Snow Fairy Sugar), Norma (A Little Snow Fairy Sugar), Greta's Mother (A Little Snow Fairy Sugar), Greta's Father (A Little Snow Fairy Sugar) |
| Additional Tags: | Aromantic headcanon, Aromantic, Sixth A Little Snow Fairy Sugar fic!, Post-Canon, Pre-Relationship, Kissing, Girls Kissing, A Little Snow Fairy Sugar spoilers, Spoilers, Developing Friendships, Asexuality Spectrum, LGBTQ Themes, Sugar the snow fairy mentioned, POV Female Character, what is love anyway, what is friendship anyway, Happy Aromantic Visibility Day!, rivals to friends, Rooftops, Challenges, Family, Constructive Criticism Welcome, Wordcount: 1.000-3.000, Bechdel Test Pass, Podfic Welcome |
| Language: | English |
| Stats: | Published: 2024-06-06 Words: 1,296 Chapters: 1/1 |

# Greta, Saga, and a Cheek Kiss Which Changed Everything

by lefemmerouge2

Summary

Saga has been trying to cheer herself up after the departure of snow fairy, Sugar, following the blooming of her flowers, and the two other fairies (Salt and Pepper) leaving as well. Saga knew this would happen, she still felt a bit lonely. Even so, she remained grateful to her friends and her classmate Greta, who tried to bring her mother's piano to her house in an ill-fated plan. All the while, Greta has been thinking about Saga a lot, more than a "rival" is supposed to do...

Notes

Recently, I came across "A Little Snow Fairy Sugar" before my subscription to HIDIVE lapsed. After watching the entire series and the two 2003 OVAs I was astounded at how few fics there are for this wonderful magical series. There have only been a few since the series released in 2002, spread across the years. However, none of these feature any of the show's possible sapphic ships. I decided to change that with this story, being the first-ever fic for the series on here which features Greta and Saga together, despite one of the images (I think for one of the DVDs) showing them in a very… gay way together. Personally I saw a lot of yuri vibes between them, especially coming from Greta, echoing the mean girl becomes lover trope. Honestly, I'd recommend this series to anyone and would hope that it would get more attention these days. Also... Happy Aromantic Visibility Day! It was celebrated for the first time last year, using the hashtag #AromanticVisibilityDay. This series has a lot of themes about love and friendship, so I thought it fit. More about this in the end notes.

This fic is roughly set before my recent two-part mini-series, "Sugar Strikes Back" (each fic within the series is listed in inspirations).

Comments are welcome and appreciated.

**Update** on 12/14/24: This fic was cross-posted on Squidge World and slightly revised at that time.

See the end of the work for more notes

- Inspired by You only told me lies, only phony alibies by lefemmerouge
- Inspired by Love Is Pain by lefemmerouge

The black-haired girl stretched in her bed. She couldn't get a certain brown-haired girl out of her mind. Surely she had always challenged Saga with continual contests, often as a way of proving herself as superior. They stemmed from her wealthy upbringing, where she was a spoiled only child. It continually annoyed her that Saga always happened to either win or not care to participate. Deep down, she cared about Saga, even if she acted boastful or arrogant. She had a good heart under it all. She had angrily chastised her father for buying the piano of Saga's mother, Ingrid, and *she* was the one who decided it was time to return the piano to Saga. Although the plan hadn't been successful, partly due to a number of failures, including Phil's faulty invention, yet again, she was grateful she had done it.

"Greta, dearest! Your breakfast is ready," her mother called. She lived in a lush mansion. There were servants who did the cooking, cleaning, and everything else. This included a butler, who had prepared the breakfast in front of her. Her cooking couldn't measure up to the quality of food he prepared.

Going forward, Greta wanted to learn to cook on her own. She started thinking about wonderful dishes she could cook for Saga. She imagined Saga praising her cooking, eating and declaring it was the tastiest thing she had ever eaten. As she daydreamed, her face became flushed.

"Greta, are you OK? Your face looks awfully red."

After she heard this, Greta was embarrassed beyond belief. *Why* was she thinking about Saga! They were rivals, right? Did she want something more? Is this how a proper lady is *supposed* to behave? She wasn't sure. She surely couldn't bring up this in front of her parents… they probably expected her to marry a man, maybe even that Phil, and mother a few children with him. Isn't that what *all* parents wanted? Or just the traditionalist ones?

"I'm OK, mother," she responded quickly. "I'm in good health if that what you were asking. I was just thinking about someone." She accidentally said the last part, something she wished she hadn't said.

Her mother was curious. Her dad piped up. Did she have a crush or something? He would do anything for his baby girl. In fact, he was the one who bought the piano for her as a birthday present.

"So… who is this person? Have we met them?" he asked innocently.

This was a tough question for her to answer. How could she get them off the subject? She *had* to get them to stop asking her questions about it.

"It's someone I know from school...sh...they are in the same class as me...could I invite her over?"

Greta had again made a mistake. She hadn't meant to use that pronoun, but it just slipped out.

Her mother became even more inquisitive. Who was this girl? Did Greta really have any friends at school? She never invited anyone over. So, she was a bit overjoyed to hear this.

"YES!" she declared enthusiastically. "It's always great to have girls your age as friends."

Greta wasn't sure she would call Saga a friend, per say, but she was willing to go with it, this time. She couldn't wait to have Saga over. This wouldn't be like the time Saga saw her mother's piano and ran out. It would be *different* this time and she'd make sure of it. One question stuck in her mind: how was she going to ask Saga to come over? If they were only rivals and not friends, *how* could she do it?

The day was approaching that her plan, if you could call it that, would go into action. She wanted to, somehow, pull Saga aside and ask her, privately, if she'd like to come over to her house… as a friend.

Fast forward to the next school day. When Greta entered the classroom, she saw Saga sitting nearby, chatting it up with her friends Anne and Norma. She honestly wasn't a big fan of either of them. Even so, she knew they both cared about  Saga. Would they accept her if she went even further with Saga, becoming a friend… or something more? She wasn't sure.

Storming into the room, she boastfully declared, "So, Saga, I challenge you to duel on the roof after school...I will make sure that I reign victorious!" She handed Saga a note describing her challenge and ran away as fast as she could. This was all *very* embarrassing. She hid her true feelings with her boasting and arrogance. She was used to it now, but it was hard to start acting "normal."

Saga was perplexed. The note clearly told her to come to the rooftop *alone*, not with anyone else. While Anne and Norma were just as confused, Norma joked, "maybe she'll confess to you, Saga… you know that's what happens in all those romance novels." Although Anne doubted that, something made Saga think that she was right, on some level. However, she wasn't exactly sure what would happen after school.

The school day seemed to go by quickly. The day ended as after-school bell rang. Generally, students went home unless they were involved in an extracurricular activity. For Saga, she had something she had to do. She bid Anne and Norma adieu and walked up to stairs to the roof. Lo and behold, Greta was standing there, defiant and ready to face Saga.

"I see you have made it here, brown-haired girl," Greta boomed. "Let us begin this...duel."

Saga laughed nervously. She was about to play along. Suddenly, something changed. Greta couldn't keep up this boasting, arrogance, and challenges. She had to be honest… for once.

"Never mind all that...I'd like to invite you over to my house...if that's OK."

You could hear the uneasiness in Greta's voice. She wasn't used to talking this way. But, she knew it was the only way. She could only talk to Saga alone, like this, not in front of the whole class.

Saga was surprised. *What had Greta's fire and fury gone? Was it all just an act?* She wasn't sure. "I'd *love that*...Greta...I look forward to our date."

The way that Saga said that made Greta think: was Saga thinking about this whole thing romantically? Or are dates something that friends do? She didn't know. She didn't have any experience with such things. She didn't care about those issues. She *always* got what she wanted, even if that meant she had to pull away her facade to reveal her true nature.

"Great. See you on...Saturday."

Before she could think of anything else, Saga whispered, "can I give you a nice...smooch?" Greta was unsure what to say. She hadn't expected this question from Saga. She weakly replied with one word: "yes."

Saga kissed Greta on the cheek and ran away happily. Although she had agreed to it, Greta was caught off guard in more ways than one. Was this meant to indicate they were friends? To comfort her? To show that she respected her? All these questions floated around in her head and *none* of them had answers.

It was not an understatement to say that the kiss changed *everything* for Greta. She knew that such kisses weren't, necessarily, a romantic gesture, but sometimes it *could* be that.

If she had been able to see the snow fairy, Sugar, she would have known that such kisses could be a sign of friendship. They *didn't mean* that someone had romantic or sexual love for someone else. As for this kiss, it began something which would draw Saga and Greta closer together, first as friends and then as something more.

End Notes

In the case of this fic, you could say that Greta is quioromantic (under the aromantic umbrella), as she might seem to be uncertain if she is experiencing romantic attraction or cannot tell that her feelings are platonic, sexual, or romantic. However, as this is set before my recent two-part mini-series, she, arguably, ends up being demiromantic (also under the aromantic umbrella) at that point, as she begins experiencing romantic attraction toward Saga but only after forming a close friendship with her. Perhaps one day I will write that fic too.

Otherwise, some time ago, I also saw some vibes between Saga's friends Anne and Norma, with the latter having a gay awakening of sorts as she loves an actress of a traveling theater troupe named Cheryl who she originally thought was a man. I may do a fic about both of them in the future as well. Honestly, I could see Greta and Saga as friends in the future, but in the case of this fic, it is pre-relationship. The series proper is a bit ambiguous here, but I could see them becoming friends (post-canon), or even something romantic. Its all up fan interpretation I suppose.

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